

## BRYAN FARM

Abiding Place Of Busy Man  
Who Enjoys Rest.

City Residence In Midst Of  
160 Acres of Land.

Home Of Next President De-  
scribed In Detail.

WIFE HELPS HIM WITH HER ADVICE

When one speaks of the "Bryan farm," it requires an explanation, writes a staff correspondent. William Jennings Bryan has built a thoroughly up-to-date city residence in the midst of 160 acres of land. It is surrounded by fields of alfalfa, potatoes and corn, but immediately about the house there is a wide stretch of bluegrass, large enough to make two or three good sized city homes look lost in it. There is a windmill, a barn, arbors and outhouses of all kinds, with every conceivable piece of modern farm machinery extant housed about the place. There are also gardens of clipped plants, running vines and shrubbery and song birds in great numbers and variety. The place is not run to make money, and therefore it is not a farm in the common acceptance of that term, even though it qualified under the above general description of its contents. More truly the Bryan farm is the abiding place of a busy man who delights greatly in rest and quiet.

Fairview lies on a beautiful knoll overlooking the Antelope valley, two miles east of Lincoln. The spot on which the house now stands was part of the original tract of five acres which Mr. Bryan bought in 1893. At that time the plot was bare of trees. To-day several small trees planted by Mr. Bryan give a background to the house and nothing more. In 1897 Mr. Bryan added to his small holding by the purchase of twenty acres more ground. By 1902 the farm had attained a size of thirty-five acres, and since then Mr. Bryan has increased it to 160 acres, ninety-two of which are under cultivation. The present home was built in 1903.

From the outset Mr. Bryan had his own views about the running of a farm. Since then the views of the entire Bryan family about the place have changed somewhat, but they are still individual, and individually collective they form an interesting study.

### Divides Work With Wife.

Fairview has never had a boss. Nor has it ever been entirely a co-operative community. Naturally the sex of the occupants has asserted itself in their respective spheres as commonly understood. Mr. Bryan is the recognized head of the household and the farm; Mrs. Bryan has always run the house. Both are managed with a tendency toward decentralization of supreme authority and, strange to say, both ends of the farm have been a great success under this system.

The Bryan family and the Bryan farm are managed on a conference basis. All through his public life Mr. Bryan has made a confidant of his wife. She has been with him on most of his notable campaign tours, studied law with him when he was in college, attended to most of his correspondence in the early days of his career, and, in fact, was his "right-hand-man," if such an appellation can be attributed to an intelligent, capable, womanly helpmate of a manly man.

Mr. Bryan now holds conferences with the hired men on the farm. They are preceded by orders to report, nor by any other preliminary. They occur at the most unexpected times, and in the most unexpected places. The barn, the study or the green lawn is equally appropriate for these "understandings."

With the range of the farm before them, Mr. Bryan offers suggestions as to the rotation of crops or the use of this or that parcel of land. The hired men are as free to offer suggestions as he. A conclusion is reached and that settles the matter for a whole year. The hired men, mostly in their own time and in their own way, see that the "understandings" are carried out. They are industrious men and do their work well. Without the incentive of moneymaking, there is continual peace throughout the whole place. There is no blow or bluster, no fretting or fuming.

One of the main features of the Bryan home is the immense closed porch. This porch is the product of necessity, because of Nebraska's winds, but it is a real institution. From the outside it looks like a conservatory with its fifteen white-framed windows look-

ing out in a semi-circle. Inside it is the acme of perfection from the viewpoint of comfort. No caller waits outside the door. A fine looking colored boy, clad in blue serge and patent leather shoes, all of the latest cut, receives you at the door, escorts you to a wicker chair, "stand-up, sit down or lay down," as they say in Lincoln, comfortably covered with soft summer-upholsterings.

### Never Keeps Guests Waiting.

After a few minutes Mr. Bryan appears. He never keeps anybody waiting unless he is engaged with some other caller. His workshop is down in the basement, the windows of which open upon the ground. There he has his stenographers, his telephones and his papers, and some of his books. There he will hear from Denver every move made by the convention.

Mr. Bryan always smiles when he meets a guest. It is one of those comprehensive smiles made possible by a large mouth. Mr. Bryan has one of the most expressive mouths in existence. This fact is admitted even by the Republicans, and concurred in by most Democrats. It can say anything and yet make no audible sound, but when it speaks its mobility is equally apparent. From the face downward, Mr. Bryan is one of the plainest of men. He still wears the low-cut collar and the Bryan string-bow tie, without which he never again can be complete to his followers. His clothes are neat and clean. The creases in them are not tailor-made, but home-made. They fit the contour of Mr. Bryan's knee-joints better when he sits down. His shoes are just as dusty as yours, which is not very dusty with a Nebraska zephyr cleaning them for you and an alfalfa field handy.

### Proud of His Home.

Mr. Bryan loves his farm home and is intensely proud of it. Nobody who sees it can blame him. If he knows you well enough he will say to you in a matter-of-fact way, which illy conceals his just pride: "Come this way with me."

From a compact and comparatively unadorned reception hall, Mr. Bryan leads his guest into his library, which is almost severe in its appointments. From the library you walk into the Orient. Except for the American carpet, wall paper and a few pieces of furniture, Mr. and Mrs. Bryan have filled this room with the gifts they received on their trip about the world.

The Bryan dining room is downstairs. It is in a semicircular room with wainscoting to the ceiling. The woodwork and furniture can hardly be told apart, so complete is the matching. All of the furniture is highly carved, and ecstacy reference to its high quality brought from Mr. Bryan the comment, "It is from Chicago."

To Mr. Bryan Fairview has no price. He probably knows exactly what he has put into it, notwithstanding the fact that some people think he has no business ability or acumen. What he could get out of it does not interest him, except when put in terms of enjoyment, living and working. Most of Mr. Bryan's personal wealth centers in Fairview. As a money maker his newspaper probably is his best investment. Taken by itself, however, Fairview would be a genuine bargain at \$75,000.

## LEGAL FISHING

As Practiced By Judges Of  
Court of Appeals.

JUDGE HAZELRIGG PLAYS TRICK  
ON JUDGES PRYOR, SET-  
TLE AND NUNN.

Fishing is a pastime which appeals especially to the legal mind or the mind of any man who works with his brain, it is said, and the fact that nearly every judge of the Court of Appeals is an earnest and ardent fisherman seems to bear this out. Each judge has his own method of fishing and his own favorite spot. Judge Settle, one of the associate justices of the court, was talking fishing the other day and told the following story of how the court once went fishing in Elkhorn.

"We went out early in the morning and divided our forces. With me were Judge Pryor and Judge Nunn and Judge Hazelrigg. Judge O'Rear and one or two others went in another direction, up the creek from us. We fished along all morning and did not get a bite. Not a fish did we catch and we were discouraged. Just before noon a native showed up with a pretty string of fish. He had about fifteen fine ones and we opened negotiations for the purchase of those fish. We did not want to go back without a fish and have the others laugh at us, so we bought the string from the native, paying him \$2 for the bunch. Judge Pryor made the man agree to back up any statement that

he made concerning the fish and how they had been caught, and the man agreed.

"We reached the camp first, cleaned the fish, and while they were frying and the savory odor was floating in the breezes, Judge Hazelrigg and his party came up. They expressed surprise that we had had such good luck. 'Yes, we had pretty fair luck,' said Judge Pryor, 'but, of course, one has to be skillful to really catch fish. It is not all luck, but requires science. How many did you all catch?'"

"Judge Hazelrigg admitted that they had no luck at all and had come back empty-handed."

"Judge Pryor then went on to tell how each of the fish had been caught, giving a graphic description of how he had hauled in the largest one, and how Judge Settle himself had hauled in ten. He said Judge Nunn had been less successful than any of the others and had caught only two."

"Judge Hazelrigg and the others let us go along until we had fully committed ourselves and had strung out long talks about our fishing skill, when Judge Hazelrigg spoke up and said:

"You are awful liars. Now, that man with that string of fish passed us this morning and wanted to sell us those fish. But I said to the others:

'No, we won't buy them. Let him go on down stream and he will pass Settle, Nunn and Pryor and they will buy the fish, and we will have them for dinner without having to pay for them.'"

"That ended our fish tales," said Judge Settle.

Judge Lassing now has a different method of fishing. He is fond of fish, but he is too active and too much on the go all the time to sit down and wait for one of them to swallow a hook, so he adopts a sure and safe plan. He described it the other day.

"When I go fishing I hire a man to use a seine and pay him so much a haul, with the understanding that he can have such fish as I don't want. He makes a few drags through the river and gets plenty of fish, and I pick out those I want and put them in a crib in the river, and when I want fish for supper, I go down to the crib and pick out what I want. That beats the hook and line all hollow."

## ASK REQUISITIONS

For Return Of Taylor And  
Finley From Indiana.

CASES WILL BE CALLED AT NEXT  
TERM OF COURT—PARDONS  
EXPECTED FOR BOTH.

Requisitions for W. S. Taylor and Charles Finley will be requested of Gov. Willson when the next term of the Franklin Circuit Court convenes, and it is not improbable that the Governor will issue pardons to both men and allow them to come back to Kentucky. The cases against Finley and Taylor will be called at the next regular term of this court, and every effort will be made to get the fugitives back for trial. As Governor Willson has said that he believes Youtsey alone is responsible for the murder of William Goebel, it is believed that the Governor would not permit the State to go to the expense of a trial of the two men, but would issue pardons to them.

The last step that can be taken in the case of the Commonwealth against Caleb Powers was taken Monday when Judge J. S. Morris convened his special term of the Scott Circuit Court to call the Powers case. Monday was the day that had been set by the court after the last trial of Powers, for the opening of the special term. The jailer filed the pardon granted by Gov. Willson after so many weeks of study, and the case was ordered closed.

Judge Morris had an order entered for \$5,000, the expenses of the trial, and also an order entered returning to Grant Roberts, of this city, the Marlin rifle which Youtsey said was used by Jim Howard to kill Gov. Goebel. These steps close the Goebel murder cases, except those of Taylor and Finley.

### A Revelation.

It is a revelation to people, the severe cases of lung trouble that have been cured by Foley's Honey and Tar. It not only stops the cough, but heals and strengthens the lungs. L. M. Rugles, Reasnor, Iowa, writes: "The doctors said I had consumption, and I got no better until I took Foley's Honey and Tar. It stopped the hemorrhages and pain in my lungs, and they are now as sound as a bullet." For sale by all druggists.

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## LAWFUL WAR

Waged By Equity Society  
Against The Trust.

CAMPBELL CANTRILL SAYS RE-  
SORT TO FORCE IS NEVER  
DESIRABLE.

Former State Senator J. Campbell Cantrill, of Georgetown, president of the Kentucky organization of the American Society of Equity, addressed an immense audience at the house at Hopkinsville, and urged farmers to join the society and all citizens to give it their support.

Mr. Cantrill stated that the war on the trust, as far as the society was concerned, was a lawful one, and that a resort to force was never desirable.

The farmers had won their fight by peaceful means and were enjoying now the fruits of their victory. As an instance of their prosperity, due entirely to organization, the farmers during the recent financial panic had been easy, comfortable and happy while money kings were on their knees begging for currency.

Mr. Cantrill was skeptical concerning the motives of law and order leagues, and was opposed to the use of soldiers in the tobacco districts. Resolutions were passed by the meeting denouncing as detrimental to the best interests of the society all lawlessness, especially night riding, and promising to use every effort to uphold the laws and see that they are enforced.

## Thousand Hogsheads

Sold By Burley Pool.

BLUEGRASS TOBACCO CO. BUYS A  
MILLION POUNDS TO RUN  
FACTORY.

W. J. Loughridge, one of the officers of the Bluegrass Tobacco Company, of Lexington, made the announcement that his company had purchased 1,000 hogsheads of tobacco from the Burley Tobacco Society, at Winchester, on Monday. Mr. Loughridge says his firm now has a sufficient supply on hand to run the factory until the crop of 1909 is put on the market.

The deal for this million pounds of tobacco has been on for more than a week, but was only closed last Monday. The purchase included a number of different grades, the price ranging from 9 cents to 16 cents a pound.

## Versailles Man Kills

Himself In Cincinnati.

Robert Smith, the third son of Breckinridge B. Smith, a well known Versailles druggist, killed himself in Cincinnati Sunday.

No reason is known here for his rash act. Young Smith had lived in Cincinnati for the past two or three years and came home several months ago on account of the serious illness of his father. He returned to Cincinnati about five days ago, apparently in good spirits.

Robert Smith was 22 years old, very quiet and reserved in manner, having few intimate friends. Besides his father he leaves three brothers and a sister: James Smith, of Baltimore; Walter Smith, of Panama; Paul Smith and Miss Lottie Smith, of Versailles. His body was brought home for burial.

## Bob Franklin Wins

Hedges Will Contest

The contest over the will of Mrs. Fannie Hedges ended at 10:30 o'clock Saturday night of last week in the Bourbon Circuit Court, at Paris, and the jury, after being out five minutes, came in with a verdict sustaining the will. Two speeches were made in the case, one by C. J. Bronston, in favor of the contestants, and the other by Robert B. Franklin, to sustain the will. By the will, Mrs. Russell Mann gets the \$9,000 residence she now occupies.

Delay in commencing treatment for a slight irregularity that could have been cured quickly by Foley's Kidney Remedy may result in a serious kidney disease. Foley's Kidney Remedy builds up the worn out tissues and strengthens these organs. Commence taking it today. For sale by all druggists.



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